

A Young Man's Temptations.

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
John Nicholson, whose father is a stern Scotch merchant, is forced by a strange combination of circumstances to flee to America, leaving his family and the girl he loves. He finds wealth in California and returns to Scotland to become reconciled with his family. Owing to a blunder, his father believes him to be an embezzler and orders him from the house.

John then goes to the country house of his best friend, Alan Houston. Alan is at the house waiting to give him lodging for the night. Next morning Alan is gone, and John finds the body of a murdered man in the house. Fleeing in terror, he is obliged to discover he has left all his money in Alan's house.

He creeps back at midnight to his father's house and there unexpectedly meets Flora MacKenzie, his childhood sweetheart.

She and his brother Alexander undertake to straighten matters with his father.

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CHAPTER VI.
A Woman's Heart.

"THIS is a most extraordinary thing," said old Mr. Nicholson, "I have been robbed!"

"I was a thief, sir," returned Alexander. "I took all the money, in case the servants should get hold of it, and here is the change and a note of my expenditure. You were gone to bed, you see, and I did not feel at liberty to wake you up, but I think when you have heard the circumstances you will do me justice. The fact is, I have been so badly treated, there has been so much error about my brother John. The sooner it can be cleared up the better for all parties. It was a piece of business, sir—and so I took it, and decided, on my own responsibility, to send a telegram to San Francisco. Thanks to my quickness, we may hear to-night. There appears to be no doubt, sir, that John has been abominably used."

"When did this take place?" asked the father.

"Last night, sir, after you were asleep," was the reply.

"It's most extraordinary," said Mr. Nicholson. "Do you mean to say you have been out all night?"

"All night, as you say, sir. I have been to the telegraph and the police office, and Mr. Macowen's. Oh, I had my hands full," said Alexander.

"Very irregular," said the father. "You think of no one but yourself."

"I do not see that I have much to gain in bringing back my elder brother," returned Alexander shrewdly.

The answer pleased the old man; he smiled. "Well, well, I will go into this matter tomorrow," said he.

"I'm sorry about the table," said the son.

"The table is a small matter; I think nothing of that," said the father.

"Another example," continued the son, "of the awkwardness of a man having no money of his own. If I had a proper allowance, like other fellows of my age, this would have been quite unnecessary."

"A proper allowance?" repeated his father, in tones of blighting sarcasm, for the expression was not new to him. "I have never grudging you money for any proper purpose."

"No doubt," said Alexander, "but then you say you aren't strong on the spot, to have the things explained to you. Last night for instance—"

"You could have wakened me last night," interrupted his father.

"Was it not some similar affair that first got John into a mess?" asked the son, skillfully evading the point.

"And the father was not less adroit. And pray, sir, how did you come and go out of the house?"

"I forgot to lock the door, it seems," replied Alexander.

"I have had cause to complain of that too often," said Mr. Nicholson. "But still I do not understand. Did you keep the servants up?"

"I propose to go into all that at length after breakfast," returned Alexander. "There is the half hour going, we must leave this to the morning."

And readily granting, he opened the door, things considered, monstrous as it was to be cut short in his in-

quiries, the old gentleman submitted and followed his son into the dining-room.

Mr. MacKenzie was in the place of honor, conjuring with a tea-pot and a cozy, and, behold! there was another person present—a large, portly, whiskered man of a very comfortable and respectable air, who now rose from his seat and came forward, holding out his hand.

"Good morning, father," said he. Of the contention of feeling that ran high in Mr. Nicholson's stunted bosom no outward sign was visible, nor did he delay long to make a choice of conduct. Yet in that interval he had reviewed a great field of possibilities, both past and future—whether it was possible he had not been perfectly wise in his treatment of John; whether it was possible that John was innocent; whether, if he turned John out a second time, as his outraged authority suggested, it was possible to avoid a scandal; whether, if he went to that extremity, it was possible that Alexander might rebel.

"Run," said Mr. Nicholson, and put his hand, limp and dead, into John's. And then, in an embarrassed silence, all took their places; and even the paper—from which it was the old gentleman's habit to suck mortification daily, as he marked the decline of our impudently young man—lay furred by his side.

But presently Flora came to the rescue. She slid into the silence with a tactfulness, asking if John still took his old inordinate amount of sugar. Hence it was but a step to the burning question of Miss MacKenzie's little shaven, she commented on the little since she had last made tea for him, and from that launched into the tale of John's misadventures, not without some subtle suppressions.

Gradually Alexander joined; between them, whether he would or no, they forced a word or two from John, and he felt so tremulously and spoke so eloquently of a mind oppressed with dread that Mr. Nicholson relented. At length even he contributed a question, and before the meal was at an end all four were talking even freely.

Prayers followed, with the servants gazing at this newcomer whom no one had admitted; and after prayers there came that moment on the clock which was the signal for Mr. Nicholson's departure.

"John," said he, "of course you will say here. He very carefully not to excite Maria. You need not come to the office to-day," said he; "you can stay and amuse your brother, and I think it would be respectful to call on Uncle Greig. And by the bye," this spoken with a certain dare we say—bashfulness, "I agree to concede the principle of an allowance; and I will consult with Dr. Durie, who is quite a man of the world and happens of his own, as to the amount. And my dear fellow, you may consider yourself in luck!" he added, with a smile.

"Thank you," said Alexander. Before noon a detective had restored to John his money, and brought news, and enough in truth, but perhaps the least of it, that the murdered man, it appeared, was an evicted tenant who had for nearly a year pursued his late landlord with threats and insults; and beyond this, the cause and details of the tragedy were lost.

When Mr. Nicholson returned from dinner they were able to put a dash into his hands: "John V. Nicholson, Randolph Crescent, Edinburgh—Mr. Nicholson has disappeared; no one looking for him. All—restored. Keep him quite safe—April."

"Having had this explained to him, the old gentleman took down the call and departed for two bottles of the red port.

On or more descriptive, Flora led John to the altar. If after that may be called which was indeed the drawing-room mantelpiece in Mr. Nicholson's house, with the Rev. Dr. Durie pointed on the hearth-rug in the guise of Hy-men's priest.

THE END.

"Nippy, You Know, Quite Nippy in the Waist."

Skrytch, the Playwright's Coat, the "dernier cri" from Pool's, London, you know, has bell-shaped skirts, and is very 1830, if you please, and other stunning winter fashions for men as described in a conversation between two New York literary lights and faithfully reported by Miss MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.



MARGARET HUBBARD AYER.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer

(The illustrations, also, that accompany this article are by Miss Ayer.)

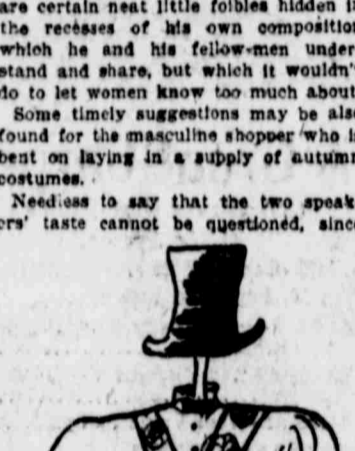
IT'S a deeply rooted notion that we women adore clothes, and men look upon our follies with superiority—not to say contempt.

The following conversation will give a general idea of why man has assumed this air of condescension and pity when speaking of woman's vanity.

He has had to, poor dear! for there are certain neat little follies hidden in the recesses of his own composition which he and his fellow-men understand and share, but which it wouldn't do to let women know too much about.

Some timely suggestions may be also found for the masculine shopper who is bent on laying in a supply of autumn costumes.

Needless to say that the two speakers' taste cannot be questioned, since



An 1830 Style.

they are both Leading Literary Lights and renowned for the way they dress themselves and the characters in their novels.

FIRST LEADING LITERARY LIGHT—Oh, ah, yes, you know broad is IT this winter! You must have broad down the sides.

SECOND L. L. L.—All wrong there, old fellow! My friend Book has just



That Bell-Shaped Affair of Skrytch's.

had a pair sent him from Pool's—no braids this season.

FIRST L. L. L.—Oh, ah, really? Well, anything from Pool's would be the "dernier cri" in fashions.

SECOND L. L. L.—I was going to have the waistcoat of my evening toasts made of nique, with brass buttons, but I reconsidered.

FIRST L. L. L.—Oh, my dear fellow, brass buttons are quite out.

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It is to be regretted that there are people who are now engaged in the nefarious business of putting up and selling all sorts of substitutes, or what should more properly be termed counterfeiters, for medicinal preparations not only for adults, but worse yet, for children's medicines. It therefore devolves on the mother to scrutinize closely what she gives her child. Adults can do that for themselves, but the child has to rely on the mother's watchfulness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

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